

Poetry.

GROVER'S BANKS.

Grover had some little banks.
Their gold was bright and yellow.
And ever, time the banks would bask
And grow, would up and bellow.

They got the people in a pinch
And gave them of their wool.
And Grover called an extra session
Which gave banks a stronger pull.

And the banks had got the pull
And put the screws down tighter,
And they got it in their work
And made our pockets lighter.

"What makes the banks like Grover so?"
The people all enquired.
"Grover loves the banks, you know,
Such questions makes us tired."
—San Jose Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING.

Five tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, with enough cream or milk to wet it, one cupful of sugar, and one egg well beaten. Stir the mixture over the fire until thoroughly mixed. Flavor with vanilla.

EGGS WITH BURNT BUTTER.

Put two ounces of butter into a frying pan, and as soon as it is on the point of browning, put in the eggs, which have been broken in a bowl and seasoned with pepper and salt. When well set, serve with a teaspoonful of vinegar poured over the eggs.

CAROLINA RICE PUDDING.

Put a quart of milk into a double boiler, add half a pound of rice and cook till very thick, stirring frequently. Turn it out into a dish and add nutmeg, cinnamon, a little grated lemon peel, six apples chopped fine and the yolks of three eggs; sweeten to taste. Mix thoroughly, put into a floured cloth and boil an hour and a quarter. Serve with wine sauce.

HASHED GOOSE.

Put an ounce of butter into a saucepan, and when hot add a spoonful of chopped onion, and fry until rather brown, then stir in a tablespoonful of flour; put in the remains of a goose, cut into neat pieces, and well seasoned with pepper and salt; add a pint of stock, let the whole simmer about ten minutes, and it is ready to serve. A little sage may be added, if liked.

PAIN PERDUE.

Set one pint of milk on the fire with two ounces of sugar and the rind of half a lemon. Stir now and then, and when it boils add a few drops of the essence of lemon to flavor it. Take off and soak in it slices of baker's bread cut about half an inch thick. When well soaked, drain. Dip the slices in egg and roll in fine bread crumbs and fry in deep fat like fritters. Serve with wine sauce.

LEMON PIE.

The juice and grated rind of two lemons, one coffee cup of sugar, three eggs (reserving the whites of two for a meringue), half a cup sweet cream, put in the last thing, one tablespoonful cornstarch mixed with the cream, half a teaspoonful of mace, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Line a pie plate with nice paste, pour in the mixture and bake half an hour. When baked cover the top with the whites of the two eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, smooth it over with a knife and set it in the oven to brown.

COCONUT CAKE.

One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one coconut grated, one half pound of flour, six eggs, pinch of mace, half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the mace, the beaten yolks and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, then the flour into which the baking powder has been stirred) and lastly stir in the coconut. Bake in loaves. This receipt make the most delicious cake, and if once tried successfully I feel sure it will be given a place of honor in the family receipt book.

VELVET BREAKFAST CAKES.

Take a pint of warm milk, add two eggs well beaten, half a gill of yeast, or quarter of a yeast cake dissolved in a little lukewarm water, a teaspoonful of salt. Stir into it sufficient flour to make a soft dough and set it in a warm place to rise (three hours in the summer, or until light in the winter); dip your hands in flour and work the dough down. Make it into small, flat cakes, lay them on a buttered tin quite near each other, and brush them over the top with milk and bake in a hot oven twelve or fifteen minutes. These cakes may be made at night and baked as rolls for breakfast.

FRICASSEE OF COLD ROAST FOWL.

Take a cold roast fowl, or the remains of two and cut them up. Put all the trimmings and bones of the legs into a stewpan with the peel of half a lemon, a bouquet of sweet herbs, a little ground mace, pepper and salt and about a pint of water. Let them stew gently until reduced to half the quantity. Cut the remainder of the fowl into joints, strain the gravy and put in the fowl. When thoroughly hot stir in a little corn starch wet up in a little water. Well beat the yolks of two eggs, mix them with a quarter of a pint of cream and stir it gradually into the gravy. Make it very hot, but do not let it boil.

[Written for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.]
TWO BROKEN HEARTS.

BY MAY VANWICK.

In the Southern part of Georgia stands an ancient farm house. There is nothing very attractive about the house, nevertheless there is something quite attractive within its walls. Sitting at a west window is a young girl. Her visage wears an anxious expression. She sits as if listening and looks very pensive and weary; but suddenly her countenance becomes luminous and a sad, sweet smile plays over the brown face. What causes the sudden change? Ah! her ever-ready ear has caught the dulcet strains of a masculine voice singing, "I'll Remember You, Love, in My Prayers."

Nellie Sanford, for this is the girl's name—is not what the world would term a pretty girl; yet there is something very attractive about her face. She is a brunette with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Nellie has no sisters nor brothers. Her mother died when she was quite young. Her invalid father has reared her carefully, so she is longer "his baby," but is now nineteen years old and has become his "great housekeeper." As she peers from the window she beholds the manly form of Willie Ryner ascending the hill. He and Nellie are not on friendly terms now, though she loves him with her whole heart. They had been friends for four years until seven months previous to the opening of our narrative, when by some frivolous act she made him furious. So he does not open the gate and spring lightly up the steps as he formerly did, but keeps the road, passes the house and proceeds until he reaches the house of his uncle, who is the Sanford's nearest neighbor. He did not see the girl at the window, though he was thinking of her, and wondering if she ever thought of him. He has a real liking for Nellie and it is only foolish pride that prevents him from speaking to her. As a matter of fact she would not speak to him.

Let us look at the young farmer as Nellie views him. We see an erect, gentlemanly figure with dark hair and mustache of the same hue, very penetrating brown eyes and a light complexion. He is considered a handsome young man. The twilight has given place to the moonlight, and it is now after 9 o'clock. Still the girl sits at the window. Presently she hears the voice of her father calling her down to prayers. Slowly she rises from her seat, and going down to her father's room, finds his Bible, reads a chapter, after which they unite in prayer. The father prays for his daughter. The girl prays for the very depths of her heart for the young man she loves so truly. Prayers are over. She goes back and resumes her seat at the window and is soon lost in deep meditation.

Willie descends the steps at his uncle's door and wishing his aunt and uncle good night, sets out for home. Again Nellie hears the heart-thrilling melody. This time he sings "Some Sweet Day." As she listens, it seems to her the sweetest music she ever listened to. Nellie wonders if there will ever dawn a "sweet day" in her life—a day when she will hear Willie Ryner say to her that he loves her and is sorry for his past conduct. The whippoorwill cries lonely in the forest. She throws a kiss in the direction the young man went and turns from the window to fall asleep and dream of "Some Sweet Day." Ah! she did not know how soon the one wish nearest her heart would be fulfilled. Could she have foreseen how it would end, she would have hoped for death sooner.

As the days wore on they brought the day which Nellie always looked forward to—the day on which she usually attended the little brown church called Bethel.

On awaking one Sunday morning she found that the sun was shining in her window. She dressed quickly, ran down to the kitchen, soon prepared breakfast, and with the help of a little orphan boy who had lived with them some time, finished the chores in due time and was soon dressed ready for church. She took much care in the preparation of her toilette to-day. Her dress was "plum colored" with wide black lace trimming, and a hat to match the dress. She looked very neat when she came down stairs, where she found the little orphan boy, Ben Holt, waiting for her. "I wish you were going, papa," she said as she kissed him good bye.

"Never mind me, child; I don't feel like going," he replied.

It was not far to the church from Nellie's home, so she preferred to walk. On the way as she loitered, she gathered daisies and arranged a nice bouquet for herself. She occupied a very conspicuous seat in church, although she would far rather occupy a more private pew, but one of her friends desired her to sing with her and she complied.

Handsome Willie Ryner was there, and cast many admiring glances at

Nellie. She seemed more beautiful to-day than he had ever seen her. When the congregation was dismissed she found him at the door with a smile and a bow, ready to see her home, for the first time since the quarrel.

"May I see you home?" he asks.

"Yes," was the quick reply, with a smile.

On the way home they sauntered across the fields, talking gaily all the while. To Nellie the sun shine is more bright than ever before and the birds sing more sweetly. It seems to her the happiest day she ever experienced. There is a short silence. Willie is the first to speak.

"Nellie," he says in a low voice, which makes the girl start, for it has the old familiar tone in which he used to call her name. As she looks up at him he continues: "I have a confession to make to you. I have treated you very, very badly. Now will you not forgive me, Nellie?"

She looked at him intently then and answered:

"I freely forgive you, Mr. Ryner."

He grasped her hand warmly and continued:

"Oh! Nellie, I thank you so very much. I am grateful to you and will be kinder to you from this day as long as I live; but tell me, Nellie, did you feel sorry when I acted so unkindly toward you?"

"Yes," said she, "I was very unhappy. No words will express my sorrow, but we will forget the past, Mr. Ryner, and will be happy now."

He could have caught her in his arms and kissed her, but he dared not.

This visit was followed by many more. Willie and Nellie were two of the happiest people in the world. On one occasion we see them sitting in the reception room at her home on a settee, side by side. The lamp sheds its soft rays gently around them. The fatal moment draws near when it is either "life or death." He lowers his head and whispers:

"Darling Nellie, I love you with the true deep love of my heart. I love you as I have loved no other; furthermore, I never will love anyone else as I now love you. Will you marry me, Nellie? Oh! Nellie, look at me and tell me that you love me and will be my wife. Speak to me, dearest, I cannot bear your silence."

She raised her face to his. It was ghastly. Never will he forget the look of pain and despair which rested on her countenance.

"Oh! Heaven, help me," she gasped, and fell back motionless; but not long did she remain so. Willie raised her quickly and rested her head on his shoulder and gently smoothed her dark hair. She soon gained self-possession and moved from him impatiently.

"Don't touch me," she said, but he did not seem to hear what she said, for he was by her side in a moment pleading, "Nellie, do tell me that you love me. It would be almost death to me to hear you say that you do not love me. Please forgive me for being so hasty. I am bound to know my doom. I tried hard to keep the secret in my heart, but could not. Oh! I love you so dearly. Tell me that you care for me."

Nellie had always said that she never expected to love or have lovers; neither would she marry. Poor innocent child! She did not know that her heart was feasting on that terrible monster (love) as she termed it. Alas! she knew it now, and it was such a shock that she thought it almost impossible to exist under it. As she raised her face, her heart seemed as though it had forgotten to throb, and she said, huskily, "I do love you. Yes, that I do care for you. I love you with a love that no one else will."

His face grew radiant with hope. He threw his arms around her and pressed her to his breast and kissed her fondly, saying:

"I knew you would save my life, dearest Nellie."

She tried to free herself from his clasp, and did at last.

"Stop," she said. "Look at me, Mr. Ryner. My life is ruined. Oh! I did not mean to love you. I did not know I loved you. I have always been afraid of love, and tried to avoid it. But Oh! it is too late, for I am truly in love with you. I know it now, when it is too late. But I will not marry you. No, never. I will break my own heart first. Do you know that I look on wedlock with horror and fear? What, ah, what would my life be to me after the marriage ceremony was over? But look at the other side. What would my life be to me without you? When I part with you, I will have parted with all happiness in this life, and I know I will be wretched if I marry. Oh! I long for death, I am so unhappy. No, if I don't marry you, you will soon get over this and be happy. But if I do, I know you will be unhappy, for I will not make you unhappy, for I am wretched."

"Oh! my darling," he pleads, "I cannot give you up. Oh! Nellie, you do not love me, or you could not turn

from me so coldly. Don't decide so quickly, but take time and do not ruin both of our lives."

"Well," she replied, more calmly, "How much time will you allow me?"

"I think," said he, "that you can decide in—well, say five weeks."

So it was agreed that he was to have the answer in five weeks. During this Willie came seldom. Nellie missed him so much. The days seemed long and dreary. One week, and he must have her answer.

"What must I say?" she would often ask herself. But to save her life she could not decide. Only three more days. Willie would be sure to come to-day and see if he could not read her eyes. He came, but the same mysterious face greeted him. Nellie saw the hopeless, despairing look he cast at her when he said "good night," and turned away sick at heart.

Five weeks have passed; the much-dreaded day has dawned; still she has no answer for him.

"He will come at half-past seven, and I have no answer. How I do wish I could die before seven."

How near she came, there is no one who can tell. She prepared dinner as usual, and called her father and Ben to eat, though she never tasted anything, but waited on them while they were eating. Her father noticed the tired, weary look on her face and said: "You look ill, child. Are you not well?"

"I have a pain at my heart," replied Nellie, "and I feel tired. I am going to take a nap after dinner and will feel all right afterward, I reckon."

"Well," continued her father, "I am going to town this evening, and will let Ben stay with you."

"All right, papa, dear," said Nellie.

So when her father was gone, Nellie gave Ben permission to go fishing, because she wanted to be alone to think more than to sleep. She sank down in the easy chair in the sitting room and began thinking. The pain at her heart increased every moment, and she realized that unless she found relief soon, that death was inevitable.

All Nellie's life she had been a good girl, and she did not feel the least afraid to die. She said to herself: "No one is here, and no one will come, so I must die alone. I must write father a line or two and tell him good bye."

This is what she wrote:

"DEAR, GOOD PAPA:—I think I am dying, so I write to say good-bye to you. You have been such a good papa that I know I can never thank you enough. I am glad I have lived with you so long as I have, though it is not very long. You will please bury me in some nice sunny spot and have some flowers put on my grave. Good-bye, papa, dear. Your own dead

NELLIE."

"Oh! Mr. Ryner," she said, half aloud, "You must have your answer."

Quick as a flash she wrote:

"DEAR MR. RYNER:—You know to night you were to hear my answer. I will not live to write it, it seems, for I am almost gone; but I will try. Could I have lived, I would have said 'Yes,' for I love you more than I do my own life. You are all this world to me. But you will some times think of me, will you not, and always remember my love for you? When you get this, come to me at once. Yes, come and look on the mortal remains of your Nellie and say to yourself: 'She loved me, for she told me so.' Kiss my pale lips and remember that were I alive I would return it with fervor."

"When the Heavenly angels are guarding the good,"

"As God has ordained them to do, in answer to prayers I have offered to Him, I know there is one watching you; And may his bright spirit be with you through life."

To guard you up Heaven's bright stairs, And meet with the one who has loved you so true, And remembered you, love, in her prayers."

Yours in death,

NELLIE SANFORD."

After Nellie had written these two letters, she put the one to Willie in an envelope and directed it to him, adding:

"In haste."

Willie's aunt, Mrs. Jasper Ryner, was a very clever woman and very fond of Nellie, and often came to sit with her. Soon this evening she came, but she saw a sight which sent the color from her face. When she entered the sitting-room, she found Nellie prostrate on the sofa, cold, white and motionless with the letters crushed in her hand. She called her, but no answer came from the pale lips. She touched her forehead; it was icy cold. She was just about to faint, when Ben came in with his fishing rod and some small fish. She sent him in haste for Nellie's father, and told him to stop on the way and give that letter to Willie, but not to say a word to him in explanation.

When Willie received the letter he tore the seal at once, for he recognized the handwriting. As he reads his face becomes ghastly pale. He thrusts the letter in his pocket and runs as fast as his feet can carry him, never stopping until he is in the room at Nellie's home, on his knees by her side.

When Mr. Sanford and the doctor arrived, they found him still there,

sobbing as though his heart would break. He rises reluctantly and goes out in the yard and takes a seat on the rustic bench, where last he sat by the side of Nellie, and waits anxiously for the doctor to come out.

The doctor asks Mr. Sanford if he heard Nellie complain before he left, and he says:

"She complained of being tired and said her side was hurting her."

The doctor was thoughtful and silent for a moment, then said:

"Heart disease was the cause. She has not been dead more than five minutes."

"Yes," began Mrs. Ryner—

"But," the doctor added, "It is very difficult to tell when a person is dead with her disease."

The father's grief was inexpressible. That night the moon shone on the prostrate form of a young man lying in the garden with face downward, still sobbing. And never did it shine on a more wretched human than William Ryner. He staggered on his feet as the clock struck the hour of midnight, and walked slowly to the house and entered the room where Nellie was lying. There he found quite a number of familiar faces. He asked to be alone with the deceased for a little while. He knelt and kissed her fervently.

Was he dreaming, or did she really return his kiss? He kissed her again and again, and called her, but no answer came, save the murmuring of the night wind in the branches of the trees. He placed his hand close on her neck. Suddenly his eyes became bright. "But I must not be so fanciful," he muttered.

A new idea came to him. He called his aunt and told her to put her hand on Nellie's neck. She did so, and started back.

"She is not dead," she gasped. Willie was almost beside himself with joy, and so was Mr. Sanford.

They sent for Dr. Black, who came quickly. He administered proper remedies and soon the blood was circulating rapidly in the veins of the so-called dead girl. At last she opened her eyes and let them rest on Willie for some time. Then with a sigh she closed them, for she was too weak to speak. When the sun rose she awoke to find Willie bending over her. No one was more pleased to hear her speak than he was.

The friends departed the next morning with awe. It was the talk of the neighborhood for a long time. Nellie was soon up so as to resume her work. Willie came every day and seemed never to tire of the subject "how death gave him back his little Nell."

THE PARTING.

One bright day in early autumn, Nellie went to Finnywood to see her uncle Joe White's family for the first time. She went to stay only three days, but she liked it so well she spent two weeks instead. Finnywood is a small village thirty miles from Nellie's home. It is a pleasant little place, famous for its mossy nooks. Nellie was very fond of these and went every day to one of the most beautiful ones near her uncle Joe's to read. One afternoon she threw her cape over her shoulders and went for her regular stroll. She told her aunt not to look for her back till sundown, because she wanted to see the sun set on the moss-covered trees. She found a nice seat and began reading. She was so interested in her book that the sun was nearly down when she looked up and saw a young man standing near her reclining against a tree. She sprang to her feet at once and recognized the girlish face of her old school mate, Frank Harris.

"Why, Frank, I thought you were at White Mt. College. What are you doing here?"

"Well, you have forgot that my home is here in Finnywood, I suppose," said Frank. "I am here to stay. I am not going to school any more."

"I surely am glad to see you, Frank," said Nellie. "I am more than glad to see you," was Frank's reply.

"Well, let's go in the house and make Aunt Hattie give us some supper, and we will have a fine time talking."

After supper they went out on the porch and talked for a long time. Then Frank walked home.

"What a sweet girl Nellie is," he said to himself. "I had no idea she would look so nice when I came this evening."

Frank came very often.

The day has come when Nellie must return home. Frank took her to the depot. On the way he told her he was going to come to see her some time.

"Do come," said Nellie. "I know papa would be glad to see you now."

As Frank went back home he thought still more of Nellie. He thought she was the sweetest girl alive.

When the cars halted at Sunny Bank, Nellie found Willie waiting for her. She told him all about what a nice time she had, and that she had seen Frank, and he was coming to see her.

"You don't love me half as well as you say you do, or you would not have stayed so long," said Willie, sullenly. Nellie kissed him and told him that

she did love him, but she was not selfish like he was.

At the mention of Frank's coming, that little green-eyed monster, jealousy, began gnawing at Willie's heart.

Nellie told him that she did not love Frank, but that she liked him and he was an old friend of hers.

Willie strove hard to overcome it, and did not succeed in a short while, so he gave up in despair, and told Nellie if she did not stop Frank from coming he would leave her. She would not do so. She said it was selfish and unkind and would not do what she thought was wrong, and told him if he left her he would break her heart. He told her that she was the one, and not to blame him, because she was breaking his heart and ruining his life and hers too just to save one paltry fellow who was not worth a fig.

He called one night at dusk and found Nellie crying as though her heart would break. He had told her that this would be his last visit unless she would refuse to see Frank. When he came up to her he kissed her warmly and tenderly, and asked her what was the matter.

"Oh! Willie," she said, "I can't bear for you to leave me."

"I will not leave you if you will only comply with my wish. Oh! Nellie, please say that you will. It is either life or death, Nellie. I can't bear it any longer. I put my life in your hands. Will you ruin our lives or will you not? There is the question for you to decide. Darling, say that you will give him up. Won't you?"

"I cannot," said Nellie, sadly.

"I have one thing more to ask," said he. "I don't reckon I will ever see you again," he said, huskily. "Will you not kiss me good-bye?"

She clung to him; both were weeping bitterly.

Oh! Nellie, how can I leave you, my dearest darling; how can I bear to leave you? I wish I were dead."

"Oh! don't say that," said Nellie; it is wicked to say such things."

He clasped her wildly to his breast and pressed one long, warm kiss on her lips and walked away, not once turning back to look.

Nellie sat dazed for some time. She heard the report of a pistol. With a cry of fear she sprang to her feet, saying:

"I know it is Willie."

Away she flew in the direction she heard the report. She stumbled over something in the shadow of a tree by the road. She peered down and found it was Willie. Somehow he gained strength enough to speak and said:

"Nellie, is it you? I am glad you have come to me. I am almost dead, love. I shot myself. Don't cry so, darling. You will be happy now. Kiss me once more."

She bent her head and kissed him as the last breath left his body.

The next morning the farm hands found Nellie stark dead with Willie Ryner's head pillowed on her lap. They were buried side by side, and many tears were shed.

Frank Harris drank desperately for some years, but was rescued by some sweet girl and lived happy.

What a type of jealousy! Oh! young friends, beware of the great monster called jealousy!

COUNTRY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

Some years ago, by careful individual study, I found that 60 per cent. of the six year-old children entering Boston schools had never seen a robin, 15 per cent. had never seen a cow, some thinking it as big as their thumb or the picture, thus making mere verbal cram of all instruction about milk, butter, leather, etc. Over 60 per cent. had never seen growing corn, blackberries or potatoes; 71 per cent. did not know beans—even in Boston. Urban youth now rarely feel the healthy old pagan love of nature, but get it, if at all, from secondary sources. More country life in contact with God's primitive revelation in nature will lay better foundations both for science and Christian character.—President G. Stanley Hall in May Forum.

RESOLUTIONS.

BURGAW, Pender Co., N. C.

MR. EDITOR:—At a regular meeting of Branch Alliance, No. 971, held on the 24th day of March, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We believe that the Hon. Z. B. Vance is the most pure representative we have in Congress. It is therefore

Resolved, by Branch Alliance, that we indorse the action he has taken in Congress on the repeal of the Sherman act.

2. That we will stand by him as long as he stands by the people and defends them against plutocracy and machine rule.

3. That these resolutions be sent to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER for publication with request that reform papers copy.

W. B. PLAYES, Sec.